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published Weekly at
BG., CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
JAMES S. HASSON,

ulation, - - - - 1,200

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VOLUME XXXI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1897. NUMBER 1.

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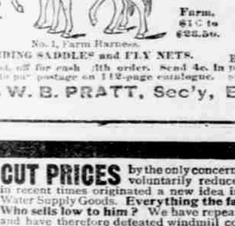
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GHOST OF THE "PENGUIN."

BY WILL LISENBEE.

For more than a week the Penguin had laid at anchor in the little harbor at Bastia. She was a small schooner, a weather-beaten, lubberly craft, with her yards splintered and one of her masts broken, yet she looked strongly picturesque, standing with bare poles against the flaming sunset sky, as I allowed my little boat to drift before the gentle breeze.

Aboard the craft there were no signs of life visible, and I knew that Muggins must be ashore, filling himself with rum, as was his custom when Capt. Darke was absent.

My old friend, the captain, had been boating about the Mediterranean with his lubberly schooner for half a score of years, and so he might still have been engaged, but for the arrival of a letter at Bastia telling him of a newly-inherited fortune left him by an uncle who had been living in Florence.

But upon receipt of the goods new he was off at once, leaving his disabled schooner in charge of Muggins, an old sailor who was more honest than sober.

As my boat drifted alongside the Penguin I perceived a rope trailing over the port side, and, making my little craft fast, I drew myself upon deck.

I looked about me, but no one was visible. It was evident that I was the only soul aboard the Penguin.

I threw myself on a camp-stool in the shadow of the sail and fell to regarding the range of dark hills that rose back of the romantic little city. Presently I was interrpted by the sound of oars, and a few moments later Muggins' tawny head appeared over the rail. He started when he saw me, and was about to beat a hasty retreat when my voice stopped him.

"Bless me, I thought you were a ghost, I did, by the powers!" he said, seeming well pleased that his fears had not been realized.

"Well, now, what the deuce is there about me, Muggins, to make you think me a ghost?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't that you look like a ghost, Mr. Raymond," he returned, apologetically. "But, you see, when a cove is looking to see a ghost, he's pretty certain to take the first live thing his eyes fall on for what he's looking for."

"Then you were expecting to see something of the supernatural kind?"

"That's a fact, Mr. Raymond, though 'tain't often a cove is believed when he tells such a story. There's a ghost on this old hulk, or else I'm losing my eyesight."

"And you really believe in such nonsense?"

"I believe what I sees, that's all."

"What did you see?"

"Well, since you ask, I don't mind telling you. You see, since Capt. Darke went away and the crew was discharged, the Penguin has been under my care, and I have been sleeping aboard the vessel and spending most of my time here. Last night about two o'clock I woke, thinking I heard something moving near me. I was sleeping in my cot on the deck, and as I looks about me I sees a woman, all in white, moving like a specter right by the hatchway. While I was watching, it seemed to sink into the deck and disappear. I'm not the man to run from a single night-prowler, but I felt queer-like at this, and can't see how a woman could be on the Penguin. Thinking she might have descended the companion-ladder, I goes down with a lantern, but finds nothing. Then I looks all over the ship with the same result. I slept no more that night, and though I look after the ship durting the day, I shan't sleep here again if I know myself, call it ghost or what you will."

With this he picked up a lantern and descended to his boat that lay alongside.

"Then I shall spend the night here and lay your ghost for you," I said.

"You'll greatly oblige me if you will," he returned, "though I'll be blowed if I think you succeed. Good evening, Mr. Raymond. I'll drop alongside early in the morning and see how you have fared. There's the key to my cabin," he added, tossing the key upon the deck. "You'll find pipes and plenty of tobacco, and a sip of rum in a decanter, if you look close. Now again good night to you."

His oars dipped into the water, and he was gone.

Dusk was already settling over the water. I took a seat on the deck and lit a cigar, and began running over in my mind some of the events that had befallen me since my arrival in Corsica.

For more than three months I had been staying in the romantic little island, finding a restful charm in its quiet seclusion that was a pleasing contrast to the life I had been spending for the past two years in the gay capital of the restless and pleasure-loving French.

One is not likely to expect to meet with adventures of the thrilling kind in the peaceful precincts of Bastia, yet something bordering upon this had come to my lot less than a month before.

For the amateur artist the quaint little city will furnish many subjects for the pencil and brush, and I had made good my opportunities since my arrival.

The most prized among my collection was the portrait of Veda, the little Corsican fruit-seller. There was something fascinating in her very pose, and the dark beauty of her face had drawn me to her as if by some subtle witchery.

One evening, as I was strolling through the streets, I heard a cry of mortal terror come from the court of a ruined building where several poor families had taken their abode, and entering hastily I perceived an aged woman, withered hag, with uplifted knife, in the act of striking a girl who was crouched in the corner of the wall.

I struck the knife aside, and the would-be murderess fled, leaving me face to face with Veda, the intended victim.

She only paused a moment to press a kiss upon my hand; then she slipped through a gap in the wall and was gone. That was the last I had seen of her.

To my inquiries regarding her whereabouts I received no information, excepting a bit of her past history which told me that she had belonged to a wealthy and influential family, and that she had received a finished education. But reverses had come; her father had fallen a victim to a dreadful vendetta, and she had finally been left a penniless orphan.

I was deeply interested in her, but no one could give me the slightest clew as to whither she had fled.

Still I had lingered about the places I used to see her. Was I in love with the little Corsican beauty?

Her face would come before my mental vision asleep or waking, bringing a sweet sensation I had never before experienced; and yet I tried to dismiss her from my mind.

I sat smoking for some hours upon the deck of the Penguin, watching the yellow lights dancing in the romantic little city, and drinking in the fresh, sweet air of the night that stole up from the Mediterranean.

It was about 11 o'clock when I stretched myself upon the cot which Muggins had placed upon the deck. I fell asleep soon after, and dreamed of Muggins' ghost.

It seemed that some strange presence came to me—a woman, beautiful beyond any dream; and just as I reached out to touch her she vanished, leaving only a faint odor of some strange, sweet perfume. I awoke suddenly with that inexplicable sensation that sometimes tells us of the unseen presence of another.

I sat up and looked about me in vague bewilderment. The moon had risen out of the sea and was flooding the deck with its mellow radiance.

As my mind grew more composed I detected a subtle perfume on the night air, the same that had come to me in my dream.

Was it only the effect of my imagination? No; there could be no mistake as to its reality. Something white lay at my feet; I picked it up; it was a delicate piece of lace embroidered linen, and exhaled the breath of perfume that had before greeted my senses.

While I stood bewildered at the amazing circumstance, I perceived a white form emerge from the hatchway and move forward, with a slow, gliding movement.

I stood immovable, watching the figure as it came toward me. As it drew near, I perceived that it was a girl, and as the moonbeams fell on the pale face I recognized it as belonging to Veda Dorlos, the little fruit seller.

Her eyes were wide open, and staring vacantly ahead in a way peculiar to the somnambulist. She was a sleep-walker! The thought came to me like a flash. Yet, what could account for her presence aboard the Penguin?

Without attempting to answer the puzzling question, I started toward the figure, but as I did so, the sound of something like the dropping of an oar in a boat came from over the port. Then a moment later the dark figure of a woman—the same I had seen making the assault on the little fruit-seller—slipped noiselessly over the rail. She paused for a moment to glance about the ship, then, with a cry of rage that might have proceeded from some wild animal in deadly combat, she leaped upon the unconscious girl, the blade of a long knife glinting in the rays of the moon. Roused to action by the sight of the murderous intruder, I leaped quickly forward, and, before the knife descended to do its deadly work, I caught the hand that held it.

But if I reckoned on an easy victory in subduing my adversary, I soon discovered my mistake, for the woman, though aged to all appearances, seemed to possess the strength of the strongest man, and, finding herself foiled in her murderous attempt, she turned upon me with the fierceness of a panther. Coming unexpectedly as the attack did, it caught me off my guard, and before I realized my peril, the hand that held the knife was wrenched from my grasp; then there was a swift blow, a keen pain in my shoulder as the blade entered; then a mist gathered before my eyes, and I sank unconscious upon the deck.

When my senses returned it was broad daylight, and I was lying on a cot in Muggins' cabin, the beautiful but troubled face of Veda bending over me.

It was about a week before I was able to get ashore, and, though I had a trained nurse from Bastia, Veda refused to leave me entirely in the hands of another.

Well, in that week I had learned to love the little Corsican beauty with such an intense devotion that I could not bear the thought of separation.

Her life had been one of trials and misfortunes. The old hag who had twice sought the life of Veda was prevented from taking my life by the timely arrival of Muggins, who had come over to the vessel in his boat just before daybreak to see how I was faring. Finding herself thwarted, she leaped into the bay, and was drowned before she could be rescued by Muggins.

She was the last of the Baraldo family, between whom and the Dorlos a dreadful vendetta had existed, and it was to escape the vengeance of the old woman that Veda had stowed herself aboard the Penguin, hoping to be carried to some foreign land, and thus escape the violence and death that constantly threatened her.

Veda and I were married, and a month later sailed for America in the Penguin with my old friend Capt. Darke, who had returned and had the vessel repaired.

Muggins was much elated over the happy ending of my attempt to "lay" his ghost, though he always declared I had made a most lucky failure, and instead of laying the ghost, I had myself been layed by it.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Woman's Appointment.

A pessimistic German says: "If the dear God should announce from one end of the world to another that on the 1st of January, from twelve to one o'clock, He would open the gates of Paradise to all who made application at that time, the women would arrive late, in spite of the importance of the occasion. They would find it impossible to complete a satisfactory toilet before evening."

Sae Smiled.

Mr. Jackson (sentimentally)—Ef I might dar toe hope, Miss Snoflake, dat yo' wud smile upon mah suit—

Miss Snoflake—Wha, shuah, Mistah Jackson. I wanted toe laff at dat suit de minnit yo' comed intoe de doah. Whar wuz de fiah?—Judge.

HOW TO CARVE WELL.

An Expert Explains the Cutting Up of Roasts and Fowls.

Many ladies have to carve for large families without any or very little experience, and a little advice from an expert carver will not come amiss. It should be borne in mind, first of all, that carving is quite an art, if done in the right way. Many think if they cut a joint or bird up in pieces that it is all that is required, but to carve neatly, artistically and economically, and place invitingly on the platter or dish is quite another thing.

In the first place the carver should be seated high enough to carve comfortably and with celerity. The next thing, she should be sure to have her platter large enough to hold the entire joint or bird when it is carved, so that no portion of it falls on the table. No string or skewer should be left in the meat or bird when brought to the table, unless it is a silver skewer, which is permissible. Much depends upon the way in which the viand to be carved is placed on the platter.

Large birds, such as turkeys, geese, etc., should have their heads placed always to the left. Smaller birds, as partridges, grouse, etc., which are usually placed across the platter, should have their heads on the farther side. A saddle of mutton should be placed with the tail end to the left of the carver; a haunch of venison or mutton, with the loin or backbone nearest the carver; a leg of mutton or veal should be placed with the thickest part up; a rib roast or sirloin roast should have the backbone at the right of the platter; the flesh side should be up in a round of beef, and in a sirloin beefsteak the tenderloin should be next the carver. A fillet of beef should have the thick end at the right end of the platter, and a calf's head should be placed with the face to the right. A roast pig's head should be placed to the left, and the thickest side of a roast ham should be on the farthest side of the platter.

Now for the carving, and let the point be a leg of mutton or lamb. Put the fork in the top, turn it toward you, and slice through to the bone. A saddle of mutton is always carved with the grain of the meat in long, thin slices, from each side of the back. It must be turned over to reach the tenderloin and kidney fat. The leg and saddle of venison are carved in the same way. When the leg and loin are served together, the loin should be carved first. Cut off the flank first of all, and cut up in pieces; then separate the ribs; and last come the legs.

In carving a fowl it is always a good plan for the carver to first study the "uncooked" fowl very carefully, in order to get the hang of its limbs and points. When the carver finds a joint and cuts the gristle, the leg or wing is free. It is not so easy to find the side or collar bone, but that comes with practice.

To carve roast chickens the leg is first removed, then the wing, from one side and then the leg and wing from the other side, separating the joints. Then the breast is carved each side; next the wishbone comes off. Now separate the collar bone and shoulder blade, and the breast bone from the back, then the back from the body; then follow the side bones, and the bird is completely dissected.

The reader will bear in mind the foregoing applies correctly to all classes of fowls and birds found in the markets. —N. Y. Advertiser.

TO PREVENT BILIOUSNESS.

Americans Should Eat More Green Vegetables and Salads.

Authorities on diet believe that it would be well for most of us who are in health to eat more green vegetables with our meat and starchy foods than we do at present, says the New York Post. Indeed, some go so far as to believe that the absence from our menus of plenty of green vegetables and salads accounts for the biliousness of the American people. The best known of such plants are lettuce, beet-tops, dandelion, kale and spinach, but Mr. Colville, botanist of the United States department of agriculture, finds that there are many other palatable and healthful plants that, though rarely used, might add a pleasant variety to our list of available vegetables. One of these, "winter cress," or Barbarea praecox, which is cultivated from this city southward and is sold in large quantities in the Washington markets, is planted in late summer or early fall and needs very little cultivation. Another plant that belongs to the spinach and beet family, though it is a common weed in fields and gardens in nearly every part of the United States, is "lamb's quarters," or Chenopodium album. It is in many places commonly known either as pigweed or goosefoot, but it is not the true pigweed. The plant has a pale-bluish green color, and is used when six or eight inches high is tender, juicy and pleasant to the taste. The teasing weed, the common garden "pusley," or "purslane," when boiled is also recommended as a most palatable green vegetable and can easily be had. In India, where it originated, the plant has been used for hundreds of years. In Europe it is used both as a pot herb and for salads.

Not Letting Anything Get Away.

"As this appears to be your first offense," said the police magistrate, kindly, "I am disposed to be lenient and make the penalty in your case merely the payment of the costs—"

"Thank you, your honor," exclaimed the grateful citizen, producing a fat pocketbook and extracting a roll of bills. "How much are the costs? I never was drunk before in my life, and I never will be again. Your honor may be sure you will never see me a second time in this courtroom. I—"

"Prisoner," interposed his honor, severely, with his eye on the roll of bills, "I was about to say when you interrupted me that I am disposed to be lenient in your case and to release you upon the payment of the costs, but I have a duty to perform to the public, and I feel that I am not at liberty to carry out my personal inclinations in the discharge of a public duty. I am compelled, therefore," he continued, with much sternness, "in view of all the circumstances in this case, to fine you $40 and costs. Officer, take charge of the prisoner until the fine and costs are paid."—Chicago Tribune.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS.

Inspector Hookyer had served his 25 years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it!" arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story:

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining the canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone; but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been walking out with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some 30 miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holiday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime; but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one another I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steeple-jack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed up to the very top of yon steeple' (pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount). 'After the storm had damaged the weathercock, Jack climbed up and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it!'

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travel-stained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job and had stained his clothes, and she recollected that immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient evidence to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where, exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild-goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and towards the evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man. But we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket; but do all we could, we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him, and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched; but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mightily savage, you may guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better lookout; but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dodging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the fellow. 'About an hour ago, or maybe a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.'

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left, Lamprey did not show up.

"Tired, and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, the something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead, if I had missed him alive. The postman came round soon after seven, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

"'From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way tonight, and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning.'

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up, I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble!'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and, of course, the body hanging aloft had been seen, and a crowd had already collected, every one recognized it as Jack Lamprey.

"'A strange freak,' I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"'There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire, and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steeplejack arrived, and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded, and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot of the man's way up to the steeple was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey, the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"'I shall never forget the few minutes that followed while the steeple-jack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"'In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground, and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact, some actually called out: 'Shame!'

"'But all at once the hush which had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all this trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"'So that he might get nearly a day's start, Lamprey had cleverly missed me the night before. While I had been wasting my time at Marple he had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself; and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him), and left his effigy there to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"'I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce.'"

"Did the fellow get clear away?" asked some one.

"Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Inspector Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in real earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt, and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

Self-Respect.

Many people are accused of thinking too highly of themselves, but the fact is that the majority do not respect and reverence themselves enough. Even in the most secret place we should scorn to do anything that would make us less able to respect ourselves. We should be like Socrates, who used to say that there was one man of whom he was terribly afraid, and that was Socrates. Few men, and perhaps no woman, pass a glass or mirror, or even a well-polished door handle, without looking at themselves in it. This would not be a bad habit if they would reason in this way: "If I am handsome I must take care that my character corresponds; if ugly, let me be all glorious within, so that I may compensate for the plainness of my features."—Detroit Free Press.

LATE PICKLES.

Fruits and Vegetables Which May Be Put Up in the Fall.

Long after all the fruits in the garden are safely put away for winter, there are still many vegetables that have escaped the frost that make excellent pickles, both sweet and sour. The green tomatoes and the green muskmelons are excellent for this purpose. The ripened cucumber in seer and yellow age, usually supposed to be valueless for anything but seed, makes a most delicious chowchow and a good sweet pickle. Hard wild apples, in most parts of our country, the food of the cattle in the field, make one of the most delicious pickled and spiced fruits we have. Sliced with the skins and cores, they make an excellent jelly. Make this jelly just like a crab apple jelly. To spice apples, remove the stems and flowers. Pick them. For four pounds of apples, add two pounds of sugar, one ounce of cassia buds, one ounce of whole cloves and one stick of cinnamon, with a pint of vinegar. Put the apples over in a porcelain-lined kettle. Cover them closely and let them cook until they are tender enough to be pierced with a broom splint, but not till they break into pieces.

Barberries are fit for preserving until after they are thoroughly ripened by frost. Like the persimmon of the south, then they acquire a peculiar softness of flavor. Gather the barberries carefully. Unless they are very poor in quality they can be gathered so carefully from the bush that they will not need looking over for leaves. Put them in a large porcelain-lined kettle to make jelly, with a little water to prevent them burning on the bottom. Let them come slowly to the boiling point, and cook for about 20 minutes, until thoroughly softened. Strain the juice from them through a cloth into a stone pot. Measure it. Allow a pound of sugar for every pint of juice. Boil the juice down for 20 minutes. Add the sugar, which should be heated hot in the oven, and let the mixture boil up once after the sugar is added. Then test it. It will usually be formed; if it is not, boil it a little longer and try it again. Barberries make nice preserve, using a pound of seeded raisins to every five pounds of the fruit. They are considerable trouble to prepare and somewhat seedy, so that it is better to utilize them in jelly if you have an abundance of them.

A chowchow of ripe cucumbers is made of firm, yellow cucumbers, peeled and chopped fine, without removing the seeds. Measure the chopped cucumbers, and to every three quarts allow a quart and a pint of white onions, also chopped fine. Mix about a cup of fine salt with the vegetables, and put them in a course linen or cotton bag. Lay the mixture over narrow slats placed across the mouth of a small keg or barrel, and place weights over it. In 24 hours take out the mixture. Put it into a pot. Add two ounces of white mustard seed, two green peppers, chopped fine, and one tablespoonful of black pepper. Cover the mixture with cold vinegar, add in the mouth of the pot a few nasturtium leaves and seed and a few pieces of horseradish root.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOKE UP THE COMPANY.

Pushed the Only Button He Could See and Could Not Be Blamed.

An amusing adventure recently fell to the lot of an old gentleman in a northern town. He was asked to buy a ticket for a fireman's ball, and good-naturedly complied.

The next question was what to do with it. He had two servants, either of whom would be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing where the tickets were sold, he inquired of a policeman, and the officer suggested that he should go to the fire brigade station. So the old gentleman went to the station that evening, but found no one in sight.

He had never been in such a place before, and stood for a moment or two uncertain how to make his presence known. Presently he saw an electric button on the side of the wall, and he put his thumb on it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. Through the ceiling, down the stairs and from every other direction firemen came running and falling, the horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in short, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly set in motion.

Amid this uproar stood the innocent old gentleman, who did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm until the men clamored around him for information as to the locality of the fire.

Then he said, mildly:

"I should like to buy another ticket for the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that there was a shout of laughter, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and the place resumed its former quiet.—Weekly Telegraph.

Toilet Novelties.

Unless you have a bit of Bohemian glass on your toilet table you have no right to flatter yourself that you are up to date.

There are any number of odd-shaped Bohemian glass salve boxes, pin trays and hair pin cases, but as yet the brush with a glass back has not been seen.

Ivory toilet articles decorated with gold are much in favor with those who can afford them. Upon a highly polished mahogany table they look very beautiful.

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Toilet articles of this delicately colored glass are one of the present fads of the society woman. It is not the plain Bohemian glass that she favors but the glass that is studded with imitation jewels and wrought with gilt designs. —Chicago Record.

Prone to Error.

"He seems to be a little empty in the upper story," said the one who knew him not.

"Beg your pardon, but you are entirely wrong," said the one who

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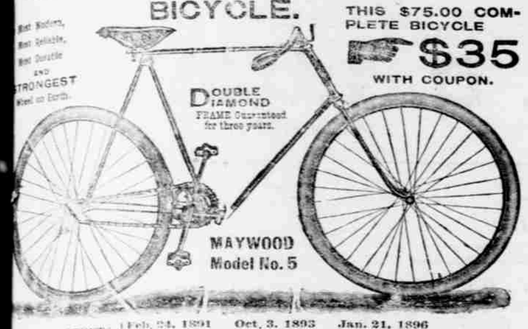

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GHOST OF THE "PENGUIN."

BY WILL LISENBEE.

For more than a week the Penguin had laid at anchor in the little harbor at Bastia. She was a small schooner, a weather-beaten, lubberly craft, with her yards splintered and one of her masts broken, yet she looked strongly picturesque, standing with bare poles against the flaming sunset sky, as I allowed my little boat to drift before the gentle breeze.

Aboard the craft there were no signs of life visible, and I knew that Muggins must be ashore, filling himself with rum, as was his custom when Capt. Darke was absent.

My old friend, the captain, had been beating about the Mediterranean with his lubberly schooner for half a score of years, and so he might still have been engaged, but for the arrival of a letter at Bastia telling him of a newly-inherited fortune left him by an uncle who had been living in Florence.

But upon receipt of the goods new he was off at once, leaving his disabled schooner in charge of Muggins, an old sailor who was more honest than sober.

As my boat drifted alongside the Penguin I perceived a rope trailing over the port side, and, making my little craft fast, I drew myself upon deck.

I looked about me, but no one was visible. It was evident that I was the only soul aboard the Penguin.

I threw myself on a camp-stool in the shadow of the sail and fell to regarding the range of dark hills that rose back of the romantic little city. Presently I was interrpted by the sound of oars, and a few moments later Muggins' tawny head appeared over the rail. He started when he saw me, and was about to beat a hasty retreat when my voice stopped him.

"Bless me, I thought you were a ghost, I did, by the powers!" he said, seeming well pleased that his fears had not been realized.

"Well, now, what the deuce is there about me, Muggins, to make you think me a ghost?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't that you look like a ghost, Mr. Raymond," he returned, apologetically. "But, you see, when a cove is looking to see a ghost, he's pretty certain to take the first live thing his eyes fall on for what he's looking for."

"Then you were expecting to see something of the supernatural kind?"

"That's a fact, Mr. Raymond, though 'tain't often a cove is believed when he tells such a story. There's a ghost on this old hulk, or else I'm losing my eyesight."

"And you really believe in such nonsense?"

"I believe what I sees, that's all."

"What did you see?"

"Well, since you ask, I don't mind telling you. You see, since Capt. Darke went away and the crew was discharged, the Penguin has been under my care, and I have been sleeping aboard the vessel and spending most of my time here. Last night about two o'clock I woke, thinking I heard something moving near me. I was sleeping in my cot on the deck, and as I looks about me I sees a woman, all in white, moving like a specter right by the hatchway. While I was watching, it seemed to sink into the deck and disappear. I'm not the man to run from a single night-prowler, but I felt queer-like at this, and can't see how a woman could be on the Penguin. Thinking she might have descended the companion-ladder, I goes down with a lantern, but finds nothing. Then I looks all over the ship with the same result. I slept no more that night, and though I look after the ship durnig the day, I shan't sleep here again if I know myself, call it ghost or what you will."

With this he picked up a lantern and descended to his boat that lay alongside.

"Then I shall spend the night here and lay your ghost for you," I said.

"You'll greatly oblige me if you will," he returned, "though I'll be blowed if I think you succeed. Good evening, Mr. Raymond. I'll drop alongside early in the morning and see how you have fared. There's the key to my cabin," he added, tossing the key upon the deck. "You'll find pipes and plenty of tobacco, and a sip of rum in a decanter, if you look close. Now again good night to you."

His oars dipped into the water, and he was gone.

Dusk was already settling over the water. I took a seat on the deck and lit a cigar, and began running over in my mind some of the events that had befallen me since my arrival in Corsica.

For more than three months I had been staying in the romantic little island, finding a restful charm in its quiet seclusion that was a pleasing contrast to the life I had been spending for the past two years in the gay capital of the restless and pleasure-loving French.

One is not likely to expect to meet with adventures of the thrilling kind in the peaceful precincts of Bastia, yet something bordering upon this had come to my lot less than a month before.

For the amateur artist the quaint little city will furnish many subjects for the pencil and brush, and I had made good my opportunities since my arrival.

The most prized among my collection was the portrait of Veda, the little Corsican fruit-seller. There was something fascinating in her very pose, and the dark beauty of her face had drawn me to her as if by some subtle witchery.

One evening, as I was strolling through the streets, I heard a cry of mortal terror come from the court of a ruined building where several poor families had taken their abode, and entering hastily I perceived an aged woman, withered hag, with uplifted knife, in the act of striking a girl who was crouched in the corner of the wall.

I struck the knife aside, and the would-be murderess fled, leaving me face to face with Veda, the intended victim.

She only paused a moment to press a kiss upon my hand; then she slipped through a gap in the wall and was gone. That was the last I had seen of her.

To my inquiries regarding her whereabouts I received no information, excepting a bit of her past history which told me that she had belonged to a wealthy and influential family, and that she had received a finished education. But reverses had come; her father had fallen a victim to a dreadful vendetta, and she had finally been left a penniless orphan.

I was deeply interested in her, but no one could give me the slightest clew as to whither she had fled.

Still I had lingered about the places I used to see her. Was I in love with the little Corsican beauty?

Her face would come before my mental vision asleep or waking, bringing a sweet sensation I had never before experienced; and yet I tried to dismiss her from my mind.

I sat smoking for some hours upon the deck of the Penguin, watching the yellow lights dancing in the romantic little city, and drinking in the fresh, sweet air of the night that stole up from the Mediterranean.

It was about 11 o'clock when I stretched myself upon the cot which Muggins had placed upon the deck. I fell asleep soon after, and dreamed of Muggins' ghost.

It seemed that some strange presence came to me—a woman, beautiful beyond any dream; and just as I reached out to touch her she vanished, leaving only a faint odor of some strange, sweet perfume. I awoke suddenly with that inexplicable sensation that sometimes tells us of the unseen presence of another.

I sat up and looked about me in vague bewilderment. The moon had risen out of the sea and was flooding the deck with its mellow radiance.

As my mind grew more composed I detected a subtle perfume on the night air, the same that had come to me in my dream.

Was it only the effect of my imagination? No; there could be no mistake as to its reality. Something white lay at my feet; I picked it up; it was a delicate piece of lace embroidered linen, and exhaled the breath of perfume that had before greeted my senses.

While I stood bewildered at the amazing circumstance, I perceived a white form emerge from the hatchway and move forward, with a slow, gliding movement.

I stood immovable, watching the figure as it came toward me. As it drew near, I perceived that it was a girl, and as the moonbeams fell on the pale face I recognized it as belonging to Veda Dorlos, the little fruit seller.

Her eyes were wide open, and staring vacantly ahead in a way peculiar to the somnambulist. She was a sleep-walker! The thought came to me like a flash. Yet, what could account for her presence aboard the Penguin?

Without attempting to answer the puzzling question, I started toward the figure, but as I did so, the sound of something like the dropping of an oar in a boat came from over the port. Then a moment later the dark figure of a woman—the same I had seen making the assault on the little fruit-seller—slipped noiselessly over the rail. She paused for a moment to glance about the ship, then, with a cry of rage that might have proceeded from some wild animal in deadly combat, she leaped upon the unconscious girl, the blade of a long knife glinting in the rays of the moon. Roused to action by the sight of the murderous intruder, I leaped quickly forward, and, before the knife descended to do its deadly work, I caught the hand that held it.

But if I reckoned on an easy victory in subduing my adversary, I soon discovered my mistake, for the woman, though aged to all appearances, seemed to possess the strength of the strongest man, and, finding herself foiled in her murderous attempt, she turned upon me with the fierceness of a panther. Coming unexpectedly as the attack did, it caught me off my guard, and before I realized my peril, the hand that held the knife was wrenched from my grasp; then there was a swift blow, a keen pain in my shoulder as the blade entered; then a mist gathered before my eyes, and I sank unconscious upon the deck.

When my senses returned it was broad daylight, and I was lying on a cot in Muggins' cabin, the beautiful but troubled face of Veda bending over me.

It was about a week before I was able to get ashore, and, though I had a trained nurse from Bastia, Veda refused to leave me entirely in the hands of another.

Well, in that week I had learned to love the little Corsican beauty with such an intense devotion that I could not bear the thought of separation.

Her life had been one of trials and misfortunes. The old hag who had twice sought the life of Veda was prevented from taking my life by the timely arrival of Muggins, who had come over to the vessel in his boat just before daybreak to see how I was faring. Finding herself thwarted, she leaped into the bay, and was drowned before she could be rescued by Muggins.

She was the last of the Baraldo family, between whom and the Dorlos a dreadful vendetta had existed, and it was to escape the vengeance of the old woman that Veda had stowed herself aboard the Penguin, hoping to be carried to some foreign land, and thus escape the violence and death that constantly threatened her.

Veda and I were married, and a month later sailed for America in the Penguin with my old friend Capt. Darke, who had returned and had the vessel repaired.

Muggins was much elated over the happy ending of my attempt to "lay" his ghost, though he always declared I had made a most lucky failure, and instead of laying the ghost, I had myself been layed by it.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Woman's Appointment.

A pessimistic German says: "If the dear God should announce from one end of the world to another that on the 1st of January, from twelve to one o'clock, He would open the gates of Paradise to all who made application at that time, the women would arrive late, in spite of the importance of the occasion. They would find it impossible to complete a satisfactory toilet before evening."

Sae Smiled.

Mr. Jackson (sentimentally)—Ef I might dar toe hope, Miss Snoflake, dat yo' wud smile upon mah suit—

Miss Snoflake—Wha, shuah, Mistah Jackson. I wanted toe laff at dat suit de minnit yo' comed intoe de doah. Whar wuz de fiah?—Judge.

HOW TO CARVE WELL.

An Expert Explains the Cutting Up of Roasts and Fowls.

Many ladies have to carve for large families without any or very little experience, and a little advice from an expert carver will not come amiss. It should be borne in mind, first of all, that carving is quite an art, if done in the right way. Many think if they cut a joint or bird up in pieces that it is all that is required, but to carve neatly, artistically and economically, and place invitingly on the platter or dish is quite another thing.

In the first place the carver should be seated high enough to carve comfortably and with celerity. The next thing she should be sure to have her platter large enough to hold the entire joint or bird when it is carved, so that no portion of it falls on the table. No string or skewer should be left in the meat or bird when brought to the table, unless it is a silver skewer, which is permissible. Much depends upon the way in which the viand to be carved is placed on the platter.

Large birds, such as turkeys, geese, etc., should have their heads placed always to the left. Smaller birds, as partridges, grouse, etc., which are usually placed across the platter, should have their heads on the farther side. A saddle of mutton should be placed with the tail end to the left of the carver; a haunch of venison or mutton, with the loin or backbone nearest the carver; a leg of mutton or veal should be placed with the thickest part up; a rib roast or sirloin roast should have the backbone at the right of the platter; the flesh side should be up in a round of beef, and in a sirloin beefsteak the tenderloin should be next the carver. A fillet of beef should have the thick end at the right end of the platter, and a calf's head should be placed with the face to the right. A roast pig's head should be placed to the left, and the thickest side of a roast ham should be on the farthest side of the platter.

Now for the carving, and let the joint be a leg of mutton or lamb. Put the fork in the top, turn it toward you, and slice through to the bone. A saddle of mutton is always carved with the grain of the meat in long, thin slices, from each side of the back. It must be turned over to reach the tenderloin and kidney fat. The leg and saddle of venison are carved in the same way. When the leg and loin are served together, the loin should be carved first. Cut off the flank first of all, and cut up in pieces; then separate the ribs; and last come the legs.

In carving a fowl it is always a good plan for the carver to first study the "uncooked" fowl very carefully, in order to get the hang of its limbs and points. When the carver finds a joint and cuts the gristle, the leg or wing is free. It is not so easy to find the side or collar bone, but that comes with practice.

To carve roast chickens the leg is first removed, then the wing, from one side and then the leg and wing from the other side, separating the joints. Then the breast is carved each side; next the wishbone comes off. Now separate the collar bone and shoulder blade, and the breast bone from the back, then the back from the body; then follow the side bones, and the bird is completely dissected.

The reader will bear in mind the foregoing applies correctly to all classes of fowls and birds found in the markets.—N. Y. Advertiser.

TO PREVENT BILIOUSNESS.

Americans Should Eat More Green Vegetables and Salads.

Authorities on diet believe that it would be well for most of us who are in health to eat more green vegetables with our meat and starchy foods than we do at present, says the New York Post. Indeed, some go so far as to believe that the absence from our menus of plenty of green vegetables and salads accounts for the biliousness of the American people. The best known of such plants are lettuce, beet-tops, dandelion, kale and spinach, but Mr. Colville, botanist of the United States department of agriculture, finds that there are many other palatable and healthful plants that, though rarely used, might add a pleasant variety to our list of available vegetables. One of these, "winter cress," or Barbarea praecox, which is cultivated from this city southward and is sold in large quantities in the Washington markets, is planted in late summer or early fall and needs very little cultivation. Another plant that belongs to the spinach and beet family, though it is a common weed in fields and gardens in nearly every part of the United States, is "lamb's quarters," or Chenopodium album. It is in many places commonly known either as pigweed or goosefoot, but it is not the true pigweed. The plant has a pale-bluish green color, and is used when six or eight inches high is tender, juicy and pleasant to the taste. The teasing weed, the common garden "pusley," or "purslane," when boiled is also recommended as a most palatable green vegetable and can easily be had. In India, where it originated, the plant has been used for hundreds of years. In Europe it is used both as a pot herb and for salads.

Not Letting Anything Get Away.

"As this appears to be your first offense," said the police magistrate, kindly, "I am disposed to be lenient and make the penalty in your case merely the payment of the costs—"

"Thank you, your honor," exclaimed the grateful citizen, producing a fat pocketbook and extracting a roll of bills. "How much are the costs? I never was drunk before in my life, and I never will be again. Your honor may be sure you will never see me a second time in this courtroom. I—"

"Prisoner," interposed his honor, severely, with his eye on the roll of bills, "I was about to say when you interrupted me that I am disposed to be lenient in your case and to release you upon the payment of the costs, but I have a duty to perform to the public, and I feel that I am not at liberty to carry out my personal inclinations in the discharge of a public duty. I am compelled, therefore," he continued, with much sternness, "in view of all the circumstances in this case, to fine you $40 and costs. Officer, take charge of the prisoner until the fine and costs are paid."—Chicago Tribune.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS.

Inspector Hookyer had served his 25 years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it!" arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story:

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining the canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone; but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been walking out with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some 30 miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holiday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime; but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one another I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steeple-jack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed up to the very top of yon steeple' (pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount). 'After the storm had damaged the weathercock Jack climbed up and fixed it all alone for the person, and he refused to be paid for it!'

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travel-stained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job and had stained his clothes, and she recollected that immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient evidence to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where, exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild-goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and towards the evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter, and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man, but we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had looked for Stockport and had given up his ticket; but do all we could, we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him, and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched; but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mightily savage, you may guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better lookout; but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dodging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the fellow. 'About an hour ago, or may-hap a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.'

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left, Lamprey did not show up.

"Tired, and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him, now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, the something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead, if I had missed him alive. The postman came round soon after seven, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

"'From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way to-night, and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning.'

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up, I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble!'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and, of course, the body hanging aloft had been seen, and a crowd had already collected, every one recognized it as Jack Lamprey.

"'A strange freak,' I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire, and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steeplejack arrived, and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded, and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot of the man's way up to the steeple was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey, the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"I shall never forget the few minutes that followed while the steeple-jack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground, and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact, some actually called out: 'Shame!'

"But all at once the hush which had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all this trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start, Lamprey had cleverly missed me the night before. While I had been wasting my time at Marple he had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself; and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him), and left his effigy there to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce."

"Did the fellow get clear away?" asked some one.

"Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Inspector Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in real earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt, and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

Self-Respect.

Many people are accused of thinking too highly of themselves, but the fact is that the majority do not respect and reverence themselves enough. Even in the most secret place we should scorn to do anything that would make us less able to respect ourselves. We should be like Socrates, who used to say that there was one man of whom he was terribly afraid, and that was Socrates. Few men, and perhaps no woman, pass a glass or mirror, or even a well-polished door handle, without looking at themselves in it. This would not be a bad habit if they would reason in this way: "If I am handsome I must take care that my character corresponds; if ugly, let me be all glorious within, so that I may compensate for the plainness of my features."—Detroit Free Press.

LATE PICKLES.

Fruits and Vegetables Which May Be Put Up in the Fall.

Long after all the fruits in the garden are safely put away for winter, there are still many vegetables that have escaped the frost that make excellent pickles, both sweet and sour. The green tomatoes and the green muskmelons are excellent for this purpose. The ripened cucumber in seer and yellow age, usually supposed to be valueless for anything but seed, makes a most delicious chowchow and a good sweet pickle. Hard wild apples, in most parts of our country the food of the cattle in the field, make one of the most delicious pickled and spiced fruits we have. Sliced with the skins and cores, they make an excellent jelly. Make this jelly just like a crab apple jelly. To spice apples, remove the stems and flowers. Prick them. For four pounds of apples, add two pounds of sugar, one ounce of cassia buds, one ounce of whole cloves and one stick of cinnamon, with a pint of vinegar. Put the apples over in a porcelain-lined kettle. Cover them closely and let them cook until they are tender enough to be pierced with a broom splint, but not till they break into pieces.

Barberries are fit for preserving until after they are thoroughly ripened by frost. Like the persimmon of the south, then they acquire a peculiar softness of flavor. Gather the barberries carefully. Unless they are very poor in quality they can be gathered so carefully from the bush that they will not need looking over for leaves. Put them in a large porcelain-lined kettle to make jelly, with a little water to prevent them burning on the bottom. Let them come slowly to the boiling point, and cook for about 20 minutes, until thoroughly softened. Strain the juice from them through a cloth into a stone pot. Measure it. Allow a pound of sugar for every pint of juice. Boil the juice down for 20 minutes. Add the sugar, which should be heated hot in the oven, and let the mixture boil up once after the sugar is added. Then test it. It will usually be formed; if it is not, boil it a little longer and try it again. Barberries make a nice preserve, using a pound of seeded raisins to every five pounds of the fruit. They are considerable trouble to prepare and somewhat seedy, so that it is better to utilize them in jelly if you have an abundance of them.

A chowchow of ripe cucumbers is made of firm, yellow cucumbers, peeled and chopped fine, without removing the seeds. Measure the chopped cucumbers, and to every three quarts allow a quart and a pint of white onions, also chopped fine. Mix about a cup of fine salt with the vegetables, and put them in a coarse linen or cotton bag. Lay the mixture over narrow slats placed across the mouth of a small keg or barrel, and place weights over it. In 24 hours take out the mixture. Put it into a pot. Add two ounces of white mustard seed, two green peppers, chopped fine, and one tablespoonful of black pepper. Cover the mixture with cold vinegar, add in the mouth of the pot a few nasturtium leaves and seed and a few pieces of horseradish root.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOKE UP THE COMPANY.

Pushed the Only Button He Could See and Could Not Be Blamed.

An amusing adventure recently fell to the lot of an old gentleman in a northern town. He was asked to buy a ticket for a fireman's ball, and good-naturedly complied.

The next question was what to do with it. He had two servants, either of whom would be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing where the tickets were sold, he inquired of a policeman, and the officer suggested that he should go to the fire brigade station. So the old gentleman went to the station that evening, but found no one in sight.

He had never been in such a place before, and stood for a moment or two uncertain how to make his presence known. Presently he saw an electric button on the side of the wall, and he put his thumb on it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. Through the ceiling, down the stairs and from every other direction firemen came running and falling, the horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in short, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly set in motion.

Amid this uproar stood the innocent old gentleman, who did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm until the men clamored around him for information as to the locality of the fire.

Then he said, mildly:

"I should like to buy another ticket for the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that there was a shout of laughter, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and the place resumed its former quiet.—Weekly Telegraph.

Toilet Novelties.

Unless you have a bit of Bohemian glass on your toilet table you have no right to flatter yourself that you are up to date.

There are any number of odd-shaped Bohemian glass salve boxes, pin trays and hair pin cases, but as yet the brush with a glass back has not been seen.

Ivory toilet articles decorated with gold are much in favor with those who can afford them. Upon a highly polished mahogany table they look very beautiful.

The Bohemian glass puff boxes are ex

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - JANUARY 8, 1897.

U. S. CONSUL BELL, at Sydney, reports to the state department that Japan's ocean trade on the Pacific is greater than that of the United States.

JOSEPH B McCULLAGH, editor of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, was found dead on the sidewalk under his bedroom. He had recently been in ill health.

A reward of $10,000 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who caused the railroad accident at Blocton, Ala., by which 23 persons lost their lives.

THE filibustering steamer, Commodore, bound from a Florida port for Cuba, was sunk with the loss of one life and leaving 8 others afloat at sea. It is reported that the vessel was scuttled by a traitor on board.

HAD the administration shown the firm stand against bond issues that it has against aiding the Cuban patriots, and the same energetic disposition to hunt for law or precedent for curbing the trusts that it has for preventing congress from recognizing Cuban independence, it would be held in much higher esteem than it is now by a good many persons.

EVERY officer in the United States navy in New York and vicinity, not now on duty, has been ordered to report for duty at the Norfolk navy yard at once.

All leaves of absence are canceled by order of the secretary of the navy, and all details abolished, as far as practicable. This was taken very seriously by the officers, who feared it would mean trouble, and perhaps war.

IT is reported that the Czar has warned the Sultan that he will expose himself to the gravest consequences, even foreign intervention and the disintegration of his Empire, unless he shall seriously consider the remonstrances of the Powers and accept their advice regarding reforms in the Turkish Government. A year ago the rumor of such a threat from the Czar would have created a profound sensation; to-day it causes scarcely a ripple of excitement. Until the Powers shall begin to translate their brave words with the Sultan into action nobody will believe that intervention by them in Turkish affairs is seriously intended.

A CONTEMPORARY says "the general assembly, at the approaching session will likely enact an effective anti-trust law." It is hoped the statement is correct but the prospects are not flattering. The tendency of the Pennsylvania legislation is in favor of trusts rather than against them. That was demonstrated at the last session by the speedy repeal of the law prohibiting the consolidation of competing oil pipe lines and the promptness with which Governor Hastings approved the bill. That the action greatly strengthened the Standard oil trust and put it in position to completely monopolize the storage and transportation of petroleum.

A CONTEMPORARY remarks that "it has been discovered at last that the system of mine inspection in this state is no system at all." This truth was discovered long ago; but the legislature, the executive, the mine inspectors, the mine owners and all concerned have have had too strong an interest in discovering the truth. The fact is that the entire legislation creating a squad of mining inspectors, while it has not diminished the number of accidents, has lessened the responsibility of mine owners for loss of life and limb through carelessness and neglect. For the responsibility of the owners and lessees of the mines has been substituted the responsibility of the state and its officials, which has proved to be just no responsibility at all.

A NEW YORK paper says that important developments will take place in the bituminous coal trade in a few days. It is learned from reliable sources that the association of soft coal interests controlling the tide water trade has been dissatisfied for some time, and it is now planned to reach an understanding which will be stronger and more binding than ever before. There has been continued cutting in prices, and the official quotations lately have been nominal only. Meetings of representatives of coal companies have been held recently in this city, Philadelphia and elsewhere to formulate plans in aid of tidewater bituminous coal trade, perfecting the formation of a new pool. The date has not yet been definitely fixed, but a final meeting will take place at an early day in Philadelphia.

CONGRESSMAN BROSIUS, of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the house committee on civil service reform, introduced a bill in Congress on Tuesday to provide for the retirement of government employes in the classified service.

The bill creates a retirement fund by withholding 2 per cent. monthly salaries received by clerks in the civil service. Provision is made for retirement under three qualifications, each retiring clerk to receive for life an income amounting to 75 per cent. of the highest salary paid him while employed in the civil service, this income to be drawn from the retiring fund. Every person who is employed in the service twenty years and who shall have become mentally or physically disqualified will be retired on his application or compulsorily retired. Every person who has attained the age of 60 and shall have been employed thirty years may be retired on his application. Every person who has attained the age of 70 and been employed in the civil service thirty-five years shall be compulsorily retired.

SENATOR JONES, chairman of the Democratic national committee, has written the following letter to a discouraged correspondent, which speaks for itself: "I don't agree with the gloomy view you take of our efforts. When we polled a million more votes than Cleveland did four years ago, when he was said to have carried the country by a landslide, we certainly have accomplished a great deal, especially when we remember what the feeling of the party was when the Chicago convention met. Another thing

It is perfectly appropriate and according to the eternal fitness of things that the return of the Republicans to the control of the government of the United States should at once involve questions as to the form, shape and amount of increased taxation. Having obtained at the polls what they construe as a popular approval of the robbery of the people of their silver currency, they now lose no time in preparing for the next step—the increase of taxation upon imports and the placing of additional duties on trade.

That we are to have a higher tariff, if the incoming administration can effect it, appears to be beyond doubt. The only thing to conjecture is whether it shall be be fashioned on the model of the Dingley bill, passed by the present house of representatives at its last session and modified in some way this winter so as to make it acceptable to certain western Republican senators, or whether an extra session will be called as soon as President McKinley gets his cabinet around him, and, during next spring and summer, an elaborate, comprehensive and sweeping McKinley bill, as near as possible upon the lines of McKinley's last previous effort, be put through, and the American people be called upon to face once more the experiment, so often tried since 1842, of a purley protective system.

THE advocates of exorbitant taxation of the clothing, the blankets and the carpets of the people, says the Pittsburg *Post*, had their innings before Chairman Dingley's committee yesterday. The most outrageous demands are put forth on behalf of the wool interest. The taxes proposed are even greater than those fixed by the odious McKinley law and will increase the price of every stitch of woolen fabrics used in the households of the land. This is truly a fit season of the year to put forth a scheme of this character in the interest of well to do or wealthy flock owners, and at the expense of every wage-earning man, woman and boy in the country. One of the shepherds before the committee, from Washington county, in reply to the question whether clothing had not been cheaper under free wool, replied that most of the clothing now sold was shoddy. He dodged telling one truth by telling a falsehood. The woolen goods now on sale are far better in quality than the people could get under the McKinley tariff, and leading merchants of Pittsburg are our authority that they are from 25 to 35 per cent cheaper. It is not free wool that induces the use of shoddy, but dear wool. Common sense will teach anybody that. Under the present tariff the people of the United States have had better and cheaper woolen goods than ever before in the history of the country.

SENATOR SHERMAN says the necessities of the treasury must be met in one of three ways—more revenue must be raised, or bonds must be issued, or the president must refuse to pay appropriations that are not mandatory.

The veteran senator has wholly overlooked another method of relieving the treasury's necessities. It does not occur to him that ends may be made to meet by retrenchment.

When a wise man finds that his income drops below his expenditure, he does not plunge into debt to maintain his style of living, or encroach on his capital, but he cuts down expenses. He does without some things that he enjoyed when his income was ample.

The obligation of economy is even stronger on a government than on an individual, because the government authorities are handling other people's money, and every issue of bonds or increase of revenue means a levy on the substance of the nation.

But Senator Sherman is not alone in this conspicuous neglect of the wisest way of helping out the treasury. Not a single Republican leader has suggested the wisdom of retrenchment. The only plan suggested is to make heavier tax levies and in such a way as to add private robbery to public jobbery,

THE superior court of Pennsylvania decides that tree owners have some rights. The employes of a telegraph company, which had a line crossing the land of Dr. John Marshall, in Bucks county, entered upon that land to add new cross bars and wires to the poles. To facilitate such additions they cut down a large number of fine shade trees growing on Dr. Marshall's place. The men were arrested, and for this wanton destruction were fined $50 each, and in default of payment, to imprisonment for fifty days. They appealed, alleging that the destruction of these trees was necessary to the operation of the telegraph line. The superior court of Pennsylvania has affirmed the Bucks county sentences and the men will have to pay the fine or go to jail. This punishment, however, is wholly inadequate to this offense, which was gross. Some sixty odd ornamental trees were destroyed and others mutilated.

IT is to be hoped that Advance Agent McKinley, who is now sweating blood over his inaugural, will not overlook the 15 per cent. reduction in wages which is to go into effect at the Illinois steel company's works February, 1. It was understood Mr. McKinley's election meant steady work at higher wages not only in the steel industry but all along the line. The advance agent should explain this.

Shortage Found and Cashier Dead

Baltimore, Jan. 4.—Richard D. Cornelius, one of the oldest and best known bank cashiers of this city, committed suicide to-day. His body was found in the duck pond on Druidhill park this afternoon, a few hours after a shortage of $60,000 had been discovered in his accounts at the National Farmers' and Planters' Bank.

Last Saturday Bank Examiner Marshall Winchester drew the attention of the officers of the bank to some irregularities in the accounts of a country-town institution. This morning Mr. Cornelius was asked to explain the irregularities. He did not attempt to do so but abruptly walked off. A closer examination of his accounts disclosed an apparent shortage of $60,000.

When the officers of the bank learned that the cashier had left the building they telephoned to Smith, West & Lyon, the detectives, to hunt him up. Mr. West traced the defaulter to Druidhill park and thence to the duck pond. There they found his body. He had evidently held himself to the bottom of the pond by the weeds that grow there, as the pond was quite shallow.

Mr. Cornelius was about sixty-eight years of age and had been connected with the National Farmers and Planters' bank for over forty years. The matter caused more excitement in the banking district than any other event in years.

The National Farmers and Planters' bank is one of the oldest and considered the strongest in the city. It has paid ten per cent. dividends for several years in addition to adding to its surplus fund annually. The surplus given in the bank's report on December 17, 1896, was $600,000. Its capital stock is $800,000.

For many years Mr. Cornelius had been very prominent in Methodism, and at the time of his death was a local preacher of the Baltimore conference, president of the city missionary and church extension society, president of the Emery Grove association, one of the trustees of the Emery Grove association, one of the trustees of the Baltimore annual conference and a member of the official board of Madison Avenue church. He attended worship twice yesterday.

To Be Buried in Whiskey.

Cynthiana, Ky., Jan. 4.—Charles Bramlett, aged 70, died on Saturday. He owned several farms in Harrison county, and was worth $100,000. He was not regarded as eccentric, but the directions in regard to his burial are unique. Fifteen years ago he hired a skillful stonemason to make him a sarcophagus of blue Kentucky limestone, which is much more durable than the hardest marble. At the same time he bought a barrel of the best Old Bourbon whiskey. He ordered that after his death the whiskey should be poured upon his body after it was placed in the stone coffin.

The sarcophagus was then to be hermetically sealed and placed in a grave near his residence. The first part of his directions has been followed to the letter and he is to be buried to-day. It will take a good many horses to haul his body in the heavy receptacle to the grave. Bramlett was fond of brandy and never left the house without a flask full in his pocket, although he never became intoxicated.

Wedded Her Wounded Wooer.

Webster City, Jan. 4.—The fact that her lover, Paul Sutton, had just been filled with buckshot by her father did not deter Mary Hargreaves a pretty girl of 17, from carrying out her intention to marry the man of her choice yesterday. Sutton worked for Mary's father, a farmer, as a farm hand, and the farmer's daughter fell in love.

Elder Hargreaves did not fancy the match, but Mary and Paul persisted in love-making. A week ago Paul was discharged and warned to keep away. Yesterday Sutton called at Hargreave's home and asked to see his daughter. The old man grabbed a shot gun and told him to leave. Sutton hesitated, and Hargreaves emptied both barrels in Sutton's shoulder. Sutton ran to a neighbor, who dressed the wound. Before the task was complete a note came from the young lady expressing sympathy and promising to meet her lover in any place he might name and be married. The ceremony was performed an hour later at Oxford Valley.

Weyler to be Recalled.

New York, January 4.—News has been received by the Cuban junta from Washington that the Spanish government has positively determined to recall Captain General Weyler in Cuba.

Minister Taylor, it is said, informed Secretary Olney several days ago that the authorities at Madrid were on the point of relieving General Weyler of his command in Cuba and of appointing as his successor Captain General Rivera.

It is learned that the Madrid government is displeased at the fact that General Weyler with about 200,000 troops has not put down the Cuban revolt. He has expended large sums of money, but so far has made no decided headway. The total result, considering Spain's outlay in life and treasure, is far from satisfactory.

Too much may have been expected of Weyler; just as the exaction was too great in the case of Campos.

Three Persons Suffocated.

Hanover, Pa., January 1.—Last evening the three little children of Mr. and Mrs. George Duttera, who reside in the country about four miles from this place were suffocated, Mrs. Duttera left home to see a neighbor, and locked her three small children and a pet dog in the house. When she returned she discovered smoke issuing from the house, and, entering through the front door, she fell through the floor which was badly burned. She landed in the cellar. Quickly crossing the step, she ascended to the first floor, where she found her three little ones with their dog, all huddled together in a corner of the room dead.

It is supposed that a spark from the stove fell on the carpet, causing a smothered fire and soon filled the room with smoke and burned the floor.

It Killed Him,

Philadelphia, Jan. 6.—Edward S. Boyer, of Reading, Pa., died to-day of nervous prostration caused by receiving a bad shock. He was employed in a large store, and an alleged shop lifter was sued by his employers charged with taking a sealskin coat. The defendant when up for trial said that Boyer had made love to her and had given her the coat out of his employer's stock. The woman was acquitted and Boyer went crazy over it, bemoaning his lost reputation. To-night his death occurred.

BECAUSE he was beating her 7-year-old child Mrs. Jesse Smith, colored, of New York, fatally stabbed her husband with a pair of shears.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Big Blizzard in the West.

Chicago, January 4.—A blizzard has been raging for two days in the states west of the Missouri river, and to-day has been very severe in Iowa and Northern Missouri. In Nebraska the storm raged 60 hours. The snow has ceased falling, but the wind still blows a gale, drifting the snow badly, and the temperature is very low. The Omaha Railroad is tied up and the lines west from Omaha are greatly impeded.

In some places in Kansas the drifts are eight and ten feet high. At Larned the snow is four feet deep in the level streets. Traffic on the Panhandle south of Woodward, Okla., is entirely blockaded. Telegraph and telephone service has been greatly interfered with, and much damage has been done to stock. Trains into Kansas City from all directions are from one to six hours late.

The blizzard still rages in South Dakota. Only one train has moved in that state since Sunday morning, between Yankeon and Sioux City. The storm is the worst that has ever been known for drifting snow, but is not as blinding or cold as the great storm of 1888. A great deal of stock has perished. The state legislature, which was to convene at Pierre to morrow, and the banquet to Governor Lee, which was to follow, will of necessity be postponed, as about 80 of the 126 members are snowbound, and some of them will not reach the capital for several days.

Iowa is in the toils of a fierce blizzard. To-day the temperature has been falling and the loose snow is drifting, and threatens to interfere with railway travel. Owing to sleet many of the telegraph and telephone wires are down.

The heavy rains have done great damage along the Mississippi, on the western border of Illinois. On the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern, and Omaha and Kansas City roads there were bad washouts, which interfered with travel. The rainfall at Quincy was five inches in forty-two hours, and the Mississippi has risen eight feet since Friday night. The walls of St. John's Catholic Church, now being built at a cost of $30,000, were washed out on two sides, and the edifice will have to be rebuilt.

Terrible Boiler Explosion,

Bradford, January 4.—A terrible boiler explosion occurred at Hazelhurst, a small lumber town in this county, at 10 o'clock this morning. Charles Cole, aged 20 years, was killed and Martin Delmadge and three other men were injured. Delmadge's injuries are fatal. The explosion occurred at M. J. Healey's shingle mill. The fireman had left the boiler and gone to a boarding house. Coe and his companions were attending to their duties in the mill, when suddenly the boiler exploded. The mill was demolished and Cole was found lying one hundred feet from where the boiler had stood. Life was not yet extinct and he was carried to a house and given all the aid possible. His body was terribly mutilated and he lived but a short time. Martin Delmadge was found partially buried in a pile of rubbish. His skull was fractured and his body badly lacerated by flying missiles. He is in a dying condition.

Three men whose names have not been learned were also badly injured but are expected to recover.

France May Take a Hand.

Washington January 4.—It is rumored here to-night that France will, in the next ten days, send a large number of soldiers to Martinique and hold them there in readiness to assist the Spanish army in Cuba. The presence of French troops there, and the outspoken objection of France to interference by the United States, would, it is thought, have a tendency to make this government go slow.

Spain, if pressed by the United States to end the war, could, it is urged, receive prompt assistance in the emergency.

State Department officials do not believe there is any truth in the rumor. They say many millions of Spanish Cuban bonds are held in France, and that the speculators are more anxious than the French government to aid Spain. They also say that any sudden increase of French military forces on this side of the Atlantic would have to be instantly and satisfactorily explained to the United States.

Starved to Death.

Massillon, Ohio, January 4. Mary Winters, who lived with her parents near Orangeville, in the country, was permitted to starve herself to death. She had a dream, she said, in which she saw the Lord descend to earth on a white cloud. The vision commanded her to die and then disappeared into space.

The dreamer had been attending protracted meetings and was imbued with the doctrine of "holiness" and believed in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures. Miss Winters expressed a determination to obey the will of the Lord, and from the date of her dream refused all food. Many of her friends argued with her, but others approved her course.

She wasted away to a mere shadow, lapsed into unconsciousness Thursday, and, after remaining in that condition some time, died.

Bank Cashier Suicides.

Pittsburg, January 5th.—Christian Schauer, jr., cashier and treasurer of the Nation's Bank for Savings, Allegheny, committed suicide this morning by hanging himself in a closet at the Allegheny gymnasium. His lifeless body was discovered by the janitor, who summoned physicians, who made efforts at resuscitation, but they were unavailing. It is supposed that Schauer was laboring under a fit of insanity, caused by illness. An examination of his affairs at the bank showed them to be all right. He leaves a widow. Schauer has been in the banking business for many years and was well known.

A Welcome Usher of '97.

The beginning of the new year will have a welcome usher in the shape of a fresh Almanac, descriptive of the origin, nature and uses of the national tonic and alternative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Combined with the descriptive matter will be found calendar and astronomical calculations absolutely reliable for correctness, statistics, illustrations, verses carefully selected, and other mental food highly profitable and entertaining. On this pamphlet, published and printed annually by the Hostetter Company, of Pittsburg, 60 hands are employed in the mechanical department alone. Eleven months are devoted to its preparation. It is procurable free of druggists and country dealers everywhere, and is printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Welsh, Norwegian, Holland, Swedish and Bohemian.

COST OF ARMOR PLATE.

Herbert Reports Result of His Investigation.

COMPANIES WANT RID OF PLANTS.

Carnegies Offer to Sell Out at Cost and Bethlehem People Below Cost—Manufacturers Making Too Much Profit. Don't Favor a Government Plant.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Secretary Herbert has transmitted to congress his reply to a provision in the last naval appropriation bill directing him to examine into the actual cost of armor plate and report to congress before Jan. 1, 1897, and to make no contract for armor plate for the vessels authorized by that act until after the report was made to congress. This provision of the bill grew out of a heated debate in the house and senate, in which the main contention was that the government was paying too much for armor plates. The report is a very important and in many respects a sensational document.

The present cost of armor is $583 per ton. Mr. Herbert's conclusion is that the cost of material and labor is $198.70 and allowing for the cost of maintaining the plant and the nickel now furnished by the government and 50 per cent profit to the companies the net cost to to the government would be in round numbers $400 per ton. The Carnegie and Bethlehem companies have both expressed a desire to sell out their plants the government, the former at cost and the latter below cost.

The secretary opposes the government having its own plant, but thinks the companies are making too much. They should have, he thinks, a fair profit.

RESTRICTING DEATH PENALTY.

A Measure Passed by the Senate—New Cuban Resolutions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The senate has passed the house bill abolishing the death penalty in a large number of cases. The measure is in the line of recent state laws abolishing capital punishment and applies the same principle to federal offenses, although the change is not extended to a total abolition of the death penalty. The present laws, which have come down from colonial times, have a sanguinary aspect and prescribe death for 60 offenses of various character. The bill passed reduces these offenses to five, viz: Treason, rape, murder and two offenses applicable to the army and navy.

In all other offenses hard labor for life is substituted as the maximum punishment, and even in cases of murder and rape hard labor may be substituted if the jury states in its verdict "without capital punishment." As the bill has passed the house after a long crusade by Representative Curtis of New York, and is amended but slightly by the senate it is likely to go to the president when the minor disagreements are arranged in conference.

During the day Mr. Call (Dem., Fla.) introduced resolutions calling for information as to the condemnation of Julio Sanguilly, at Havana, to life imprisonment, and also directing the secretary of state to demand Sanguilly's immediate release. Mr. Peffer (Pop., Kan.) delivered a speech in support of his resolution for a national monetary commission.

THE AGRICULTURAL SCHEDULE.

Wide Range of Industries Represented Before the Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The agricultural schedule of the tariff law when considered by the ways and means committee inspired statements from the representatives of a wide range of industries. There was a conflict between Mexican cattlemen and Congressman Curtis of Kansas over the effect on cattle and beef production in this country of the Wilson rates.

Representatives of the Pennsylvania and Virginia granges asked for bounties on agricultural products. The Massachusetts fishermen and fish dealers and the salt importers and New York producers had interesting tilts. The southern rice growers argued the necessity of higher protection and similar arguments were presented by California fruitgrowers, Philadelphia seed men and maccaroni makers, while importers of Bermuda potatoes and onions wanted concessions.

A VOTE THIS AFTERNOON.

The Loud Bill Debated at Length In the House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The house entered upon its work immediately after reassembling by taking up the Loud bill to amend the laws relating to second-class mail matter. The whole day was devoted to general debate on the message under a special order which will bring the bill to a vote this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

M'KINLEY AND CUBA.

Conference Between the Major and a Cuban at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 6.—It has developed that Senor F. G. Pierra of the Cuban junta had a conference with President-elect McKinley at the home of M. A. Hanna Sunday at which the entire Cuban situation was thoroughly canvassed.

Major McKinley did not indicate what use he would make of the information, nor what stand he proposed to take when his time should come. It is understood, however, that he will treat of the Cuban difficulties at some length in his message to the extra session of congress.

Major McKinley when seen concerning the matter said:

"Yes, Senor Pierra called upon me here and we had a very pleasant chat. He explained at some length the claims of the friends of the insurgents with regard to the war there.

"No, there is nothing further I can say regarding the call."

Delaware Legislature Splits.

DOVER, Del., Jan. 6.—The Delaware legislature was organized amid confusion and turmoil. The seven Kent county Republicans, against whose contest for seats the court of errors and appeals decided, were denied recognition and after fruitless protest, the Republicans left the hall and organized a "rump" house at the Hotel Richardson.

Success of Conference Assured.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 6.—The success of the national monetary conference which begins in this city on Jan. 12, is assured and it is now believed that between 450 and 500 delegates alone will assemble at Tomlinson hall on that date.

Franklin, Jan. 4.—Fire which broke out Saturday midnight burned for two hours, and twelve of the finest buildings in the city were destroyed. Many city offices were completely wiped out. The loss is from $300,000 to $400,000.

B. & B.

Monday, January 4, we begin the sale of 1897 wash goods—a collection that merits every woman's attention—one that far surpasses in beauty and goodness any former year's offering—each of the different lines has been made a forcible example of the the store's determination to win with large assortments, choice goods and loss prices.

ANDERSON'S Madras Ginghams and Novelties

—the superb goods made by D. J. Anderson mills, Glasgow, Scotland—believe this store can show you more and choicier Anderson's ginghams than you'll see anywhere—prices 35 & 40c.

Irish Dimities—an exquisite collection—our own importations—20c and 25c.

Best American Dimities, 10c and 12 1-2c.

Beautiful New Organdies—fine, sheer and dainty—such examples of fine art painting as will surpass even the most lavish expectation—25c and 35c.

Raye Stripe Organdies, 35c.

All the choice new white goods are here—almost endless assortment—5c to $1.25.

Finest French Challis, 25c, 30c, 35c—silk stripe challis 50c, 60c.

Write for samples and take the real facts—goods and prices—as evidence whether it will pay you to buy new wash goods here.

BOGGS & BUHL,

Allegheny, Pa.

For Your Protection.—Catarrah "Cures" or Tonics for Catarrah in liquid form to be taken internally, usually contain either Mercury or Iodide of Potassa, or both, which are injurious if too long taken. Catarrah is a local, not a blood disease, caused by a sudden change to cold or damp weather. It starts in the nasal passages, affecting eyes, ears and throat. Cold in the head causes excessive flow of mucus, and if repeatedly neglected the results of catarrah will follow; severe pain in the head, a roaring sound in the ears, bad breadth, and oftentimes an offensive discharge. The remedy should be quick to ally inflammation and heal the membrane. Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowleged cure for these troubles and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

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The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

Owens & Makin,

BUTCHERS,

All kinds of the Best Meat from selected stock kept at their Daily Meat Market on High Street, Ebensburg.

Give us a call.

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Pennsylvania

Railroad Company.

Personally-Conducted Tours.

MATCHLESS IN EVERY FEATURE.

CALIFORNIA

Three tours to CALIFORNIA and the PACIFIC COAST will leave Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pittsburg, January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. Five weeks in California on the first tour, and four weeks on the second. Passengers on the third tour may return on regular trains within nine months. Stop will be made at New Orleans for Mardi-Gras festivities on the second tour.

Rates from all points on the Penna. R. R. System: First tour, $310 00; second tour, $350 00; third tour, $210.00. From Pittsburg, $5 00 less for each tour.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia, January 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route, in both directions, $53 00 from Pittsburg and proportionate rates from other points.

For detailed itineraries and other information apply at ticket agencies, or address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agent Western District, 360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. 12 11.96

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DRUMS, FIFES,

Piccolos and Band Supplies.

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TAKE NOTICE

Having made some extensive improvements in the

OLD SHENKLE MILL

we are now prepared to turn out FIRST-CLASS WORK on Short Notice. Soliciting a portion of your patronage, I remain

S. D. LUDWIG,

PROPRIETOR.

A $5.00 LOOK NOTICE! A RARE TREAT FOR YOU ALL. BOYS SAMPSON SUIT, with Extra Pair of Pants, for $2.75 AND WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES TO YOUR TOWN.

REMEMBER, you buy direct from manufacturer and save middleman's profit.

FREE TO EVERYBODY

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The Pronounced Success OF THE

CINDERELLA STOVES & RANGES

To good material, perfect workmanship and a thorough knowledge of the wants of the housekeeper. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

If you buy a CINDERELLA you run no risk; they are good bakers and perfect cookers, and are sold with that understanding.

Your money back if not satisfied. Made in all styles and sizes.

Sold by the following dealers:
EBENSBURG—H. A. Shoemaker. CARROLLTOWN—P. J. Dietrick. HASTINGS—I. L. Binder. SPANGLER—E. M. Binder. PATTON—A. M. Thomas. LILLY—F. C. George. SOUTH FORK—N. S. George & Son.

GREAT

CLEARANCE SALE

of Furs, Capes and Jackets, Winter Dress Goods and Woolen Underwear at QUINN'S, 134 and 136 Clinton St., Johnstown. Fur Capes sold at half cost. New Spring Dress Goods arriving every day.

Carriage and Wagon Shop.

Having opened up in the shop lately occupied by J. A. Boney in the West end of Ebensburg, I am prepared to do all kinds of Wagon and Carriage Work on the shortest notice and at reasonable terms. Carriage Trimming, Cushions and Side Curtains furnished to order. Orders taken for Spring Wagons and Buggies.

Special attention given to Repair Work and Painting and satisfaction guaranteed.

H. E. BENDER,

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Dec. 6, 1895.6m

BRIDGE WORK.

All work warranted. Terms Cash. Office on Main Street, two doors north of M. E. Church.

DR. A. LAINO, GALLITZIN' PA.

DENTISTRY

In all its Latest and Most Improved Methods.

Teeth extracted without pain by using Prof. May's E. B. Artificial Teeth without plate just like the natural teeth. I extract teeth, repair them and replace them in their natural position. First-class work done at the most reasonable rates.

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REED & READE,

Attorneys at Law,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

Office on Centre street. 1-2-96

KITTELL & LITTLE,

Attorneys at Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Opera House. 2-8-96

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Special attention to given claims for pension Bounty, etc 3-27-96

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General Insurance Agent.

EBENSBURG, PA.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm with a quick sale. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. [illegible], 349 Broadway, N. Y.

IT pays to advertise. Try the FREEMAN.

...mbria Freeman.

...BURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

...AY.....JANUARY 8, 1897.

...LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

...this issue the FREEMAN enters ...year.

...r Lloyd, of the *Herald*, visited ...ns on Saturday.

...Andrew Eckenrode, of Carroll... visited Ebensburg on Thursday.

...P. E. Dillon, of Elder township, ...d to Ebensburg on Monday.

...Mary Mahoney, of this place, ...ome days in Pittsburg this week.

...said that county Treasurer Spen... take up his residence in the West ...

...McGuire, one of the good citi... Carson, was a visitor to Ebensburg ...day.

...Commissioners Miller and Weak... were in town this week filling the ...ard for 1897.

...Rossier, aged 22 years, died at ...idence of Mr. Eberhart, at Summit, ...terday from typhoid fever.

...David Pryce, of Cambria town... a candidate for the nomination for ...on the Republican ticket.

...Hattie Sharbaugh, of Carroll... spent Sunday with her brother, F. ...augh, Esq., and wife, of this place.

...little four-month-old child, of Mr. ...n Addie Owens, of the East ward, ...Wednesday afternoon from croup.

...Asa B. McDonald, of Loretto, ...ses the Central Hotel in that place, ...ir front. See notice in another ...

...Joel A. Gates, of White township, ...nounced himself as a candidate for ...omination of sheriff on the Republi... ...ket.

...little five-year-old son of Mr. Samuel ...r, of the East ward, was severely ...ed last Friday night by the upsetting ...e kettle.

...and Mrs. A. E. Bender, of the ...ion House, will tender a reception to ...Philonian club Thursday evening, ...y 12th.

...e Cambria County Bar Association ...eeting held on Monday afternoon, ...ded to reduce the fees for presenting ...applications from $75 to $50.

...ers last Thursday night blew ...e safe at the railroad station at ...ville intersection, but succeeded in ...ring a small amount of money.

...J. Hass, Jr., of Johnstown, and ...ie Hoffman, of Strongstown, were ...in marriage at Ebensburg the night ...Christmas. Justice Jones officiat...

...P. Davis, one of the oldest na... residents of this locality, died at his ...e in Cambria township, on Tuesday ...ing 29th, 1896, in the 88th year of ...

...s. James Frederick, of Kellysburg, ...ia county, and Miss Gertrude Lari... of Ebensburg, were married by R. J. ...ad, of the Ebensburg Baptist ...ch on Tuesday evening.

...e Bedford *Gazette* says that Dr. ...gus Enfield, of that place, has ac... an invitation to deliver an address ...the future of the Democratic Party" ...Jackson Day—January 8th—at Ebens... and Carrolltown.

...The new board of county commission... made the following appointments: ...n John C. Gates of Ebensburg, and J. ...Kunz, of Richland township. Coun... William Davis, of Ebensburg. Jani... A. J. Rodgers, of Ebensburg.

...The Bachelors' club was organized on ...last evening with the following mem... Ray Curry, president; Claud H. ...secretary; Frank Sharbaugh, Ad... John Thompson, Charles Port, Ed... Shoemaker and James McClune.

...Dr. E. J. Humphreys, of Cambria ...ship, will offer all his farming ma... stock, crops and a lot of personal ...erty at public sale on Saturday, Jan... 30th, at his farm about a mile and a ...half north of Ebensburg. See miscellane... notice.

...Peter Gutwald had a genuine buffalo ...e stolen at over fifty dollars, stolen ...his sleigh at Summit on Christmas ...ng. A thief who will steal a robe ...a person on a cold night is meaner ...the fellow who stole the pennies from ...dead man's eyes.—*Lilly Signal.*

...A small portion of the Pennsylvania ...ad's new track between Portage and ...ville has been completed. All trains now ...over the new line from the Lilly sta... to the western end of the town. It is ...ed will shortly resume on the un... part, and that it will be completed ...a few months.

...Twenty-three farmers in Chester ...ty have answered the question, does ...it pay to raise oats? Of the twenty-three ...ers say it does not pay, although ...of them grow some for feed or as an ...ty. Nearly all agree that potatoes ...more profitable crop in this state ...ate or any kind of grain.

...Hoover, Clearfield county, is a great ...e for hunters, and also seems to be a ...y where game is very plenty. Last ...e more than sixteen hundred rabbits ...e thousand pheasants were shipped ...that place, and while the number ...ed this year is not so large, it is still ...e for a place of that size.

...Mr. James King, of Johnstown, who ...elected a county auditor at the late ...ion, sent in his resignation and on ...day the court appointed Mr. P. M. ...ence to fill the vacancy. The board ...sessors of John Gittings, A. A. Mill... and P. M. Lawrence and they are ...at work auditing the accounts.

...It was fifty years ago on last Saturday ...the old Cambria Guards left Ebens... for Mexico. Only three members of ...company are left in Ebensburg. Ex... John A. Blair, J. D. Parrish and ...D. Evans. They say the weather ...much the same fifty years ago, as on ...day there being no snow and the trip ...Hollsburg was made on wagons.

...There was a fatal accident on the ...Pennsylvania railroad at Ebrenfeld, near ...Fork on Sunday morning. About 4 ...an extra westbound engine crew ...an injured man a short distance east ...station at the first named point. ...was placed on the engine and taken to ...Memorial hospital, Johnstown, where ...died shortly after being admitted.

...There are 110,000,000 old copper pen... somewhere. Nobody knows what has ...of them except once in a while a ...specimen turns up in change. A ...years ago 4,000,000 bronze 2 cent ...were set afloat. Three million of ...are outstanding. Three million 3 ...pieces are scattered over the United ...but it is very rarely that one is ...

...The man with the meerschaum pipe ...hard luck story is around again, will... to sacrifice the alleged meerschaum for ...price to enable him to reach his des... It is an ancient scheme, but is ...being worked with great success in ...sections. The pipe, which is repre... to be worth anywhere from $15 to ...is really dear at 25 cents, notwith... its highly colored and finely ...ed appearance.

—The annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture and general Farmer's institute will be held in the supreme court room, Harrisburg, on January 27th and 28th. The Board will determine whether to continue its existence or disband.

—On Wednesday afternoon of last week the little son and daughter of T. W. Reisinger were playing in an upstairs room of their home, at Morrellville. The little girl picked up a piece of paper and lighted it at the stove. She then threw the burning paper on the floor, and her little brother, who was still wearing dresses, tried to stamp out the fire. The little fellow's dress caught, and in a few seconds he was burned so badly that he died on Thursday.

—The convention of the State Judiciary and district Examining Boards was held at Philadelphia last week and after a day of consulting they adjourned to meet at Cresson next summer. A resolution was introduced looking to the removal of the license power from the hands of the judge. Every man was opposed to the resolution and the following was adopted: Resolved, That a committee of nine be appointed to consider the advisability and practicability of adopting uniform rules of practice for court.

—Spring is a better time to set trees than fall, because at that season, trees are beginning to grow, and will therefore, be in a condition to respond more readily to treatment, while in fall they are unlikely to establish themselves before cold weather sets in. Preserve the roots to the fullest extent, and do not disturb the tree until after it has ripened and has shed its foliage. If the roots are cut away as they are almost invariably are in spring planting, be sure to cut back the top proportionately. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

—The Pennsylvania Railroad company has placed its orders for a portion of its steel rail supply for 1897. The contracts awarded are as follows: Cambria Iron company, 10,000 tons; Pennsylvania Steel company, 10,000; Lackawanna Iron & Steel company, 4,000 tons. The price at which these orders have been placed is $25 per ton, the current price. The orders just placed represent one-half of the actual amount that will be required by the company during the coming year, and the balance, as is customary, will be ordered during the coming summer.

—Philip Thomas, a well-known citizen of Elder township, died very suddenly at his home December 21st, about 3 o'clock. Deceased was born on a farm near St. Lawrence, on July 30, 1835, and was aged a little more than 61 years. He is survived by his wife, four sons and three daughters, all of whom are married except Jacob, the youngest son. Five brothers and three sisters also survive him—Jacob, John D., Michael, Valentine and Martin; Mrs. Martin Yahner, Mrs. C. A. Langbein and Mrs. George Kibbler, all of whom are residents of northern Cambria county, and among the best known people in that section.

—On December 17th while G. B. Campbell was plowing in a field near Pine Grove, Centre county, one of the horses fell into a chasm and broke its neck. An investigation showed the horse had fallen thirty-five feet below the surface and lodged on a ledge of rocks, but the cavity in the earth continued down, to what distance is not known. The hole at the top was only about three by four feet in size. It widened out somewhat under the crust, but was not very large at any point. The hole was likely washed through the red, tough clay by a small current under the surface in wet seasons. The crust covering the hole was about eighteen inches thick, which was weakened by the top being loosened by the plow. The horse that went through was walking in the furrow.

Poor Board Appointments.

The Cambria County Poor Directors—James Somerville, of Susquehanna township; James Moore, of Johnstown, and Thomas L. Jones, of Ebensburg—met at the Almshouse, near Ebensburg, on Friday and reappointed Thomas J. Hughes, Steward; Mrs. Hughes Matron, and William Davis, of Ebensburg, Solicitor.

The physicians and the territory assigned to each follow: Drs. E. C. Jones, the Almshouse; T. J. Davison Cambria and Jackson Townships and Vintondale; A. S. Helfrick, Barnesboro, Spangler, and Barr township; D. S. Rice, Hastings and Elder township; J. S. Miller, Susquehanna and Carrol townships; S. W. Worrell, Patton, Carrolltown borough, and Chest township; H. Somerville, Chest Springs, Clearfield township, Ashville, and Loretto; L. Byron, Frugality, Reade, Dean, and White townships; L. T. Bradley, Gallitzin borough, Gallitzin township, and Cresson township; A. J. Muller, Lilly and along the P. R. R. to South Fork; J. A. Baird, Dunlo and to South Fork; J. Swan Taylor, Johnstown and vicinity.

Sworn In.

On Monday a Special session of court was held for the purpose of swearing in the new officials elected at the late election.

The new officials are county treasurer, Edmund F. Spencer; county commissioners, Benjamin Jones, Abram Hostetler, and Thomas Hoover; poor director, James Somerville; county auditors, John Gittings, Aldus A. Miltenberger and P. M. Lawrence.

Mr. Spencer filed a bond to the commonwealth in the sum of $10,000, signed by the following persons: Edmund F. Spencer, F. H. Barker, Alvin Evans, S. W. Davis and D. W. Coulter. He also gave to the county a bond for $80,000, to which the signatures of the following persons were attached: Edmund F. Spencer, F. H. Barker, W. C. Shiffer, H. J. Van Dusen, A. B. Clark, J. C. Patterson, J. H. Allport, Alvin Evans, S. W. Davis, D. W. Coulter and J. C. Stineman.

The commissioners gave bond to the commonwealth in the sum of $2,000 each, signed as follows.

Abram Hostetler's by himself, Henry Hostetler and Andrew Boumgardner.

Benjamin Jones' by himself, E. E. Evans and William Knorr.

Thomas Hoover by himself, Joseph Noel and Andrew Strittmatter.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the two weeks ending Thursday, January 7, 1897:

William G. Gibson and Laura E. Marsh, Johnstown.

Hiram O. Webb and Barbara Ann Hellman, Richland.

Charles H. Wilson and Jesse S. Proctor, Johnstown.

Charles L. Howe and Ida Geddes, Johnstown.

M. L. Rich and Maggie Lenhart, Patton.

Victor L. Todd and Dollie F. Womer, Johnstown.

John L. Courtney and Margaret Ray Hunter, Gallitzin.

James A. McVicker, Geistown, and Hanna C. Jacoby, Moxham.

E. J. Brobyn and Catharine A. Thomas, Patton.

John B. Kruis and Mary C. Oshell, White township.

Alonza Hoff, Johnstown, and Emma Burns, Red Bank, Clarion county, Pa.

John J. McCartney, Conemaugh, and Sadie Loretta Gohn, Franklin.

William Simmers and Mary Gradwell, Frugality.

Andrew Greenwood, Johnstown, and Grace Johnson, Stoystown, Pa.

Richard Scollon, Barnesboro and Alice Gill, Philipsburg, Pa.

James B. Johnson, Altoona, Pa., and Elmira Gray, Hastings.

William Davidson and Sadie Sargeant, Carroll township.

Confessed to Murder.

Akron, O., January 5.—James McCue, an iron worker of Johnstown, Pa., gave himself up to Sheriff Williams to-day as the murderer of Richard Vincent, a tramp telegraph operator, of Newark, N. J. He made a full confession. Vincent was killed here December 31st in a pottery kiln while asleep. McClure declares he had searched for Vincent for three years, following him from place to place to kill him. In 1893 Vincent assaulted him in Rochester, Pa., and he swore vengeance. Brooding over the injury doubtless caused insanity, for this corresponds with the testimony given by Vincent's friends. McCue went with the officers and recovered the coupling pin he killed Vincent with. He is proud of the crime and says he has only killed the devil. The spirit told him to divide himself up and he did so. He will plead guilty of murder if the spirit tells him to do so.

After he killed Vincent he went to early mass at St. Vincent's church and says he has spent his time in prayer since then. McCue's parents are dead and he has some property in Johnstown, still in his guardians hands. Vincent was also known as Spencer and Provery. He came of a respectable family. Cornelius Carroll, a tramp, who heard McCue tell Vincent he had not long to live, is under arrest as a witness.

Died.

John Rodgers, a well-known resident of Altoona, died very suddenly at 8:35 o'clock Monday evening, December 28, 1896, at his home, 1003 Green avenue, of paralysis He was in his ordinary health at noon on Monday, but about 3 P. M., was seized with vomiting. Dr. J. U. Blose, who was summoned, pronounced the case very serious but his sudden death was a shock to everyone.

The deceased was born in Ebensburg, Cambria county, February 11, 1833. He went to Altoona twenty-four years ago, and for a time followed the trade of carpentering. Later he became the agent of a number of concerns, his last connection being with the Steward Iron company of Cincinnati, Ohio. About forty years ago he was married in Ebensburg to Miss Annie M. Daily, who survives with the following children: Laura, John, Jennie and Charles, all at home. One brother and two sisters are also yet living: Mrs. Harriet Weisgarver, of Altoona; Mrs. Jane Singer, of Jackson township; this county, and Lewis Rodgers, of Ebensburg.

The deceased was a member of post 468, Grand Army of the Republic. He served during the late war with company I, 78th Pennsylvania volunteers, and left an honorable record behind when discharged. The remains were brought to Ebensburg on Wednesday morning of last week and interred in Lloyd's cemetery.

School Teacher Outraged.

Miss Lunda Stephens, an orphan girl and a daughter of the late David Stephens, of Cherryhill township, is the teacher at the "Stephens school," located midway between Greenville and Pike's Peak, in the township named.

Last evening, after dismissing the scholars, she swept out the school room and went to the coal house for coal and kindling for use the next morning. When returning from this errand and while passing through the small vestibule leading into the school room she was confronted by a masked man, who pointed a revolver at her head and said, "Make no noise or I will shoot you dead." The teacher was overcome with terror. The villain seized her, bound her with ropes and outraged her.

Miss Lunda boarded at the home of Mrs. J. D. Stephens, not far from the school house. Her landlady was alarmed at the teacher's long absence, and finally persuaded her son, Mr. A. H. Stephens, to go to the school house. When he arrived at the building the girl came staggering toward him. Her face, neck and hands were covered with blood, and as he approached nearer she fell to the ground unconscious. He summoned assistance, and the injured woman was carried to the house of Mr. Samuel Bowser, nearby. A doctor was speedily summoned, and rendered all the necessary aid.

When she recovered consciousness she was only able, in a bewildered way, to narrate the foregoing.

In the school room was found three pieces of rope, soiled with blood, and which had evidently been used in binding the limbs of the girl.

At ten o'clock this morning the teacher, under the influence of opiates, was sleeping quietly. Suspicion is rapidly fastening upon a young man who lives in the vicinity and who has scarcely reached the age of 30 years.—*Indiana Messenger.*

Tours to Florida.

No district in America presents, during the winter season, so many various attractions as the state of Florida. Besides its delightful climate which to one escaping from the cold and unhealthful changes of the North seems almost ethereal, it is pre eminently a land of sport and pleasure. Along its eleven hundred miles of salt water coast and in its twelve hundred fresh water lakes are fish of almost every conceivable variety, from the migratory tribes common to Northern waters to the tarpon, pompano and others of a more tropical character. Nowhere in all our broad land can the angler find a greater variety of game or better sport.

Here also the most enthusiastic hunter finds satiety. Deer, turkeys, bears, panthers, and wild cats roam at large through the more sparsely settled regions, while birds of all kinds may be found in abundance throughout the state. The more novel sport of alligator and manatee hunting may also be indulged in by the more adventurous tourist.

With its matchless climate, its orange groves, its rivers and lakes, its boating and bathing, its fishing and hunting, and its extensive forests, Florida presents unrivled attractions for the valetudinarian, the lover of nature, the sportsman and the explorer.

To this attractive state the Pennsylvania Railroad company has arranged four personally-conducted tours during the season of 1897, leaving by special train January 26th, February 9th and 23d, and March 9th. The first three tours will admit of a sojourn of two weeks in this delightful land; tickets for the fourth tour will be valid to return until May 31st by regular trains.

Rates for the round trip, $50.00 from New York, $48.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information, apply to ticket agents, special booking offices, or address Geo. W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Broad Street station, Philadelphia. 12 18 4t.

A Monster Bear Shot.

On Monday an immense bruin came down Bark Camp run and kept across the fields into the Mountain Run region. Young Henry Heckman, of Hickory, went in pursuit with his Winchester, carrying 44, and succeeded in getting a shot at the bear and wounding him in the jaw. On Tuesday thirteen men took up the trail but Heckman and George Beer were the fortunate ones, as they overtook bruin in the woods back of John Muman's and ended his existence. The animal was eight feet long and weighed 400 pounds.—*Penfield (Clearfield county) Press.*

—The men in the Altoona shops have been notified of an increase in working time to nine hours a day instead of eight.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary A. Seabolt et vir to Pennsylvania Railroad company, Washington, consideration, $575.

Jacob Kirkpatrick et al. to George Semmelsberger, Jr., Elder, $900.

Catharine S. Burkhart et al. to Vigilant Building & Loan association, Morrellville, $1.

J. L. Spangler et ux., trustee, to Casper Lieb, Spangler, $200

A. E. Patton, trustee, to E. Will Greene, Patton, $200.

Mary M. Koontz et vir. to Jonn V. Shaffer, Stonycreek, $450.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, Johnstown, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, Johnstown, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, Johnstown, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, Johnstown, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, Johnstown, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, East Conemaugh, $13.

Treasurer Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, Westmont, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron Company, Westmont, $4.

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, $12

Treasurer of Cambria county to Cambria Iron company, East Taylor, $5.

Sarah Berkey et vir to Stephen Stutzman et al., Westmont, $1,800.

Malinda Livingston et vir et al. to James D. Ross, Johnstown, $231.

Rhinard F. Smay et ux. to John W. Smay, Adams, $813.

J. L. Spangler to Blubaker Coal company, Hastings, $1,500.

John Eppley et ux. to Johnstown Building & Loan association, West Taylor, $5.

Edward O'Brien, trustee, to Annie E. Criste, Washington, $1,400.

Jonathan Douglass et ux. to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $50.

Rev. Augustin Smith to William Weakland, Allegheny, $280.

Adam Rudolph et ux. to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $881.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Peter O'Neill et al., Munster, $12.

Vickroy heirs to Martha A. Horner, Ferndale, $250.

Peter Flick et ux. to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $444.

Zachary Kaylor et ux. to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $816.

Heirs of Elizabeth Flick to Peter Flick, Allegheny, $1.

Sarah J. C. Cain to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $70.

Cambria Iron company to Hiram Murphy, East Conemaugh, $350.

Presbyterian church and congregation to George L. Frederick, Ebensburg, $1,008.

Joseph McDonald et ux. to Matthias Messenger, Allegheny, $38.

Francis Eberly et ux. to George Noel, John Bartram et ux. to George Null, Allegheny, $50.

David Carney to George Null, Allegheny, $20.

G. G. Robaugh et ux. to Supervisors of Summerhill township Summerhill, $10.

Luke McGuire et ux. et al. to Michael McGuire, Jr., Allegheny, $1.

Administrators of Rose McGuire to William Weakland, Allegheny, $19.

Michael M. McGuire et ux. to Lawrence Moyer et al, Allegheny, $1,026.

Michael Davis, by the sheriff, to Samuel McMullen, Allegheny, $600.

James Driskel et ux. to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $28.

Henry Bard et ux. to W. Amsbry, Munster, $1,449.

Simon Fisher et al. to W. Amsbry, Munster, $1,768.

Michael Borin to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $83.

Peter J. Willebrand to W. Amsbry Munster, $1,217.

Margaret McColgan et vir to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $792.

Annie McMullen et al to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $841.

Joseph Hogan et ux. to W. Amsbry, $1,917.

P. J. Sanders et ux. to W. Amsbry, Munster, $848.

Isidore Seymore et ux. to Sylvester Seymore, Allegheny, $250.

Sylvester Seymore to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $228.

Administrator of Philip Farren to W. Amsbry, Allegheny, $228.

Administrator of Philip Farren to W. Hmsbry, Munster, $300.

H. P. Farren to W. Amsbry, Munster, $1.

Local Institute.

A joint institute of Reade and White townships, including Patton, Clearfield and Chest districts, will convene at 9 o'clock, A. M., January 23, 1897. Following program will be carried out:

Address of welcome, S. J. Luther; Response, J. Elwood Burgoon; Is whispering a school necessity? Miss Keller; Minnie Craver, T. J. Fulton and J. A. Thomas; Literary exercises for Friday afternoons; Maggie Kessler, Maude Behe, D. Cyrus Tudor and Ashbury McCracken; Can language be successfully taught in ungraded schools? Stella Dunegan, Laura Bowman, Agatha Wharton and C. Burton DeLaney; Recitation, Zoe S. Howe.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Over-crowded country schools, Annie Stroup, Mary E. Beatty, A. F. Hipps and P. B. Abel; Are parents responsible for their children's progress, Sarah Jones, E. McNulty, Rachael Leidy, T. J. Hart and R. C. Van Scoyoc; Instrumental solo, Eva S. Gates; Recitation, Emma Rodkey; Grading teacher's wages, county institute included, G. W. Bowman, Frank Foster, W. H. Troxell, D. J. Kline and Superintendent T. L. Gibson; Recitation, Francis Maloy; What is good discipline? C. J. Myers, Kate Ivory, J. J. Forrest and E. P. Hadden; Recitation, Joy Singer; The distinctive idea in education, L. J. Luther, D. E. Hollen and Alice Wharton; Cration, J. Mitchel; Recitation, Ina Nupp; How can we improve our institutes? T. L. Gibson, general discussion; Sentiment roll call by secretary. Miss Gates is expected to conduct the music and teachers are requested to bring the "Ideal music book."

Some of the teachers of Patton, Chest and Clearfield having reported themselves favoring this institute, their names are used on the program, but we will be pleased to have all other friends of education attend and take part in the exercises.

A free conveyance has been suggested by citizens for the wishing to attend the St. Augustine fair that evening.

COMMITTEE.

Following is the programme for a local institute to be held at Nicktown, January, 16, 1897:

Local institutes, W. A. Brawley; Recitation, Annie McCombie; Methods of teaching history, Kate Wallace; Essay, Mollie Dumm; Practical arithmetic, Thomas Parrish; Orthography, A. A. Leib; Civil government, W. A. Brawley; Questioning in class, Vincent Mulvehill; Debate—Resolved that the compulsory attendance law is a benefit; affirmative, Thos. Parrish, A. A. Leib; negative, W. A. Brawley, Vincent Mulvehill. The institute will meet at 1 P. M.

—A dispatch from Indiana, Pa., the other day stated that Dr. J. C. McMillin of Barnesboro had twice attempted suicide. Dr. McMillin says he took strychnine tablets in mistake for morphine, and immediately used every remedy to counteract the poison, also sending for other physicians, by whom his life was saved. He says he did not afterward cut his throat and is now perfectly well.

Miscellaneous Notices.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Central Hotel, at Loretto, Cambria county, Pa. Easy terms. Address MRS ELLA B. McDONALD. Jany. 8 4t.

WANTED.—A general representative in this county to organize local boards for the Artisans' Savings and Loan Association. Address 91 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg Pa. mch22

WANTED.—A reliable man to represent a loan institution in Cambria county Money loaned in sums of $100 to $10,000. For particulars apply to W. M. DAVIS, Coalport, Pa. mch29tf.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the Key Building, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in January, $2,000.00. THOS. DAVIS, LESTER LARIMER, Secretary. President.

FOR SALE.—I will offer at public sale at my farm in Cambria township, about a mile and a half from Ebensburg on the Old Carrolltown road, on Saturday, January 16th, 1897, all my farming machinery, stock, crops, etc. Easy terms will be given. Jany. 8 2t. E. J. HUMPHREYS.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all parties interested not to sell anything to my wife, Cecilia Gettings, or any of her family on my account as I will not pay any debts contracted by them or either of them. THOMAS GETTINGS. St. Augustine, Pa., Dec 21, 1896. 52 3t.

AT THE OLD RELIABLE.

Everybody, and especially the oyster-loving people of Ebensburg, are invited to call at Robt. McBreen's Old Reliable Restaurant, when they want good, fresh Oysters, by the pint, quart or gallon Or you can have them Stewed or Fried, all at the lowest price. Fresh Oysters every day. oct1tf

JOS. HORNE & CO.

Clearance Sale.

We are clearing up all that is left of our Holiday goods, and offering prices which will never be seen again on such good and pretty things. There is a tremendous slaughter in Toys, particularly.

Toys which were a dollar are twenty-five cents. Iron Toys are particularly cheap and good. Good Pocket-Books, well made and well lined which were 75c and $1.00 are Twenty-Five Cents All the leather fancy goods are just half price.

Table-Cloths and Napkins, which were $6.50 for a cloth and a dozen napkins, are now $4.85.

All our fine neckwear is reduced. Our 25c neckties are 10; all 50c ties are 25c.

Quadruple-plated Tea and Coffee Pots, and Cream Jugs, are just one-half the old prices.

Whatever you want write for it or about it.

PENN AVENUE AND FIFTH STREET, PITTSBURG.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Cambria County.
In the matter of the first and final account of John Spenger, executor of Christopher Hornick, late of Richland township, deceased.
And now, December 14th, on motion of Jacob Zimmerman, Esq., attorney for John Spenger, executor of the estate of Christopher Hornick, late of Richland township, deceased, James M. Walters, Esq., appointed auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant to and among the parties entitled to the same and to report upon exceptions if any be filed. BY THE COURT.
Extract from the record. Certified December 14, 1896. F. R. JONES, Clerk O. C.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at my office, Rooms No Alma Hall, Main street, Johnstown, Pa., on THURSDAY, the 28TH day of JANUARY, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear if they deem proper or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
JAMES M. WALTERS, Auditor.
Jany. 8 3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county.
In the matter of the assigned estate of Walter Dowling, et ux. to Herman Baumer, for the benefit of creditors, the undersigned gives notice that he has been appointed auditor to distribute the funds to and among those entitled, as well as to pass upon exceptions to said assignee's account, if any be filed, and for the above purpose he will sit at his office, Room No. 7, Woolf Block, Johnstown, Pa., on TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1897, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said funds.
JAMES B. O'CONNOR, Auditor.
Dec 25 3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county.
In the matter of the assigned estate of John F. Dowling to Herman Baumer for the benefit of creditors, the undersigned gives notice that he has been appointed auditor to distribute the funds to and among those entitled, as well as to pass upon exceptions to the said assignee's account, if any be filed, and for the above purpose he will sit at his office, Room 7, Woolf Block, Johnstown, Pa., TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1897, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said funds.
JAMES B. O'CONNOR, Auditor.
Dec. 25 3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that having been appointed auditor by the Orphan's Court of Cambria county to distribute the fund in the hands of Henry M'Clarren, administrator of the estate of John M'Clarren, deceased, as shown by his account, I will sit, at my office in the borough of Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1897, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
H. H. MYERS, Auditor.
January 8, 1897. 3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration having been granted to the under signed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, in the estate of Michael Gulsier late of Summerhill borough deceased.
Notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate to make payment and all persons having claims against the same to present them to the administrator without delay.
JOHN T. LONG, Administrator.
J. F. McKENRICK, attorney for administrator. Summerhill, Pa., December 10th, 1896. 51 6t

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The following articles will be sold cheap for cash or with good security:
2 two horse wagons 2 pair bob sleds, 1 one-horse sled, one Empire binder, one Champion mowing machine, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 dinner bell, 2 sets work harness, collars, bridles, harness, chains and a general line of farming implements. Inquire of M. D. BEARER. Aug. 28 tf.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the annual election of a Board of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company, for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the secretary, on the 11th day of January, 1897, between the hours of 10 A. M., and 2 P. M.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Pa., Dec. 18th, 1897. Dec 18 3t.

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Schedule in effect November 16 1896

Connections at Cresson.

EAST.

Seashore Express, week days	6 30 a m
Altoona Accommodation, week days	9 25 a m
Main Line Express, daily	10 59 a m
Altoona Accom., week days	1 00 p m
Harrisburg Accommodation, Sundays only	1 07 p m
Mail Express, daily	5 17 p m
Philadelphia Express, daily	8 11 p m

WEST.

Johnstown Accommodation, week days	8 14 a m
Pacific Express, daily	8 37 a m
Way Passenger, daily	2 09 p m
Mail Train, daily	3 05 p m
Pittsburg Express, daily	3 58 p m
Fast Line, daily	8 28 p m
Johnstown Accommodation, week days	8 34 p m

Ebensburg Branch.

TRAINS ARRIVE

From Hastings and the North	7 36 a m
From Cresson	10 00 a m
From Vintondale	2 35 p m
From Cresson	5 05 p m
From Cresson	5 56 p m
From Vintondale	7 20 p m
From Cresson	9 10 p m

TRAINS LEAVE

For Cresson	7 39 a m
For Hastings and the North	10 03 a m
For Vintondale	10 15 a m
For Cresson	2 35 p m
For Vintondale	5 05 p m
For Hastings and the North	5 56 p m
For Cresson	7 20 p m

Cresson and Clearfield.

Leave Irvona at 6.45 a. m. and 1 20 p. m. arriving at Cresson at 8 05 a. m. and 3 25 p. m. Leave Cresson 9 35 a. m. and 5 30 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 11 40 a. m. and 6.50 p. m.

For rates maps, etc., call on agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 360 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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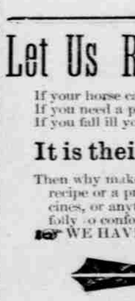

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in our Clothing and Ladies' Wrap Departments shows that the people are convinced we're selling the right goods at lower prices than others.

Clothing
Here is a better range of Styles in Suitings than you generally find. Good all-wool ones, $7.00, $7.50, $8.00, $10.00, $12.00, $14.00.

Overcoats
Our Overcoat business is beyond last season's—so much for having the right sort of prices on all wool ones—$8.00, $10.00, $12.00, $14.00.

Little Men
Plenty of good styles in our Little Men's Department, Blouse Suits Vests, etc., $2.00, $2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.

Larger Boys
8 to 14 years, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00.

Underwear
Men's Underwear at the lowest prices ever made for reliable goods. Men's heavy white Merino Shirts and Drawers, 50 cents. Men's good ribbed fleeced Shirts and Drawers, 50 cents. Men's heavy brown Cashmere Shirts and Drawers, all wool 90 cents.
Best Natural Wool (which is wool) Shirts and Drawers, finished in the most approved style, $1.00.

Men's
Woolen Hosiery, Sweaters, Knit Jackets, Gloves, etc. Prices won't freeze you.

Ladies' Wraps
Good fast black Boucle Coats with inlaid Velvet Collar, shield front, taped sleeves, $6.00.
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The popular Irish Frieze Coats, blues, tans—light and dark Havans, plain trimmed, some with velvet piping but to match, $5.00, $7.00, $8.00, $10.00.

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Some in long, short, medium and short, some plain, others fur-trimmed. The materials are